THE DIAMOND CUTTERS.

ONE HUNDRED MEN WHO EARN HIGH WAGES IN NEW YORK.

An Occupation Which Requires Patience and Delicacy of Touch—The Various Processes Described.

A French lad of sixteen, busy amid the noise and heat of a John street diamond cutter's loft, was shaping, with his bare fingers, a little mass of half molten solder just out of a gas-heated crucible. The solder lay in a small cup-like piece of copper, to which a stem ten inches long was attached. After the mass had been patted into a swelling hemisphere the lad took a diamond from the bench beside him and embedded it in the still plastic mass. Then he wiped off little crumbs of the solder and pressed the stone this way and that until it was almost hidden from sight. This done, he placed the stem of the copper cup in a sort of handle and turned it over to the diamond polisher. A moment later the gem was laid upon a wheel that made 2500 revolutions a minute, and the work of grinding a new facet had begun.

The fifteen diamond cutting concerns of New York polish 10,000 carats of rough diamonds each year, rather more than the annual output of the Brazilian mines. One hundred skilled workmen are employed in the trade, and the bosses say that the diamond cutters of New York are the best in the world. The business has grown up within ten or fifteen years, but already most of the apprentices are native Americans. A clever lad beginning the trade at fifteen may become a skilled workman in five or six years. The best diamond cutters under favorable conditions earn from $40 to $60 a week. These are better wages than those earned by any save the most famous foreign diamond cutters. Workmen here are more intelligent and trustworthy than those of Holland, France, or England, the chief diamond cutting countries of Europe. Theft is common abroad, but unusual here.

In looking about a diamond cutting establishment one would hardly suspect the precious character of the material in use. The floors are bare, the windows are open, and any one may enter by the door unchallenged. Much is trusted to the honesty of the workman, but some simple precautions are taken. When a diamond cutter receives an invoice of stones he carefully studies each one, and takes note of its color, size, weight and shape. The whiter ones look like bits of clear alum, the darker like clouded quartz. The rarest and costliest stones are of sky blue pink, and black. Ordinarily, however, the pure water colored diamond without tint or flaw is most sought after.

When the boss cutter has made accurate record of his rough diamonds he divides them into groups of four or five and gives a group to each workman. From this time forth the man to whom they are intrusted is responsible for the stones. He returns them each night to the boss, and the progress of the work is carefully noted. In this way it is made extremely difficult for fraud to be practiced. A cutter is seldom permitted to polish a stone belonging to any one but the boss. Doubtless the workman would be careful to avoid confusion, but mistakes might arise. Now and then a clever substitution is managed, and once in a long while outright theft is committed.

The first work done upon the rough diamond is cleaving. The stone is placed in a peculiar cement that softens easily and hardens quickly. A little notch on the line of cleavage is made with another diamond, the edge of an old razor is placed in this notch, and with a sharp blow of the hammer, the diamond is split. Of course, when a diamond can be worked whole it is not split. After cleaving comes cutting. The diamond is placed in a little mass of cement on the end of a stick and scraped with another diamond similarly embedded. The cutter has six points presented to him, and he begins with the one that seems most promising. His choice decides which shall be the upper surface of the diamond, for in the "brilliant" cutting, which is the most difficult and the one almost generally practised here, the exposed surface is slightly flattened, while the under side runs to the apex of a pyramid. In this way eight or ten facets are made.

From the cutter the stone goes to the grinder, or polisher, who patiently turns it and turns it until the swiftly whirling wheel has cut upon the surface fifty-eight tiny facets. These fifty-eight facets appear upon every diamond cut as a brilliant, whether it be a ten-carat stone as broad as your thumb nail, or a tiny spark not bigger than two pin heads. Now and then a stone is spoiled in the polishing; sometimes one is found that cannot be made to shape itself into the fifty-eight facets. The wheel on which the stones are polished is a soft iron disk lined with innumerable curved rays running from center to circumference. This is sprinkled with diamond dust and sweet oil. The moment a scratch appears on the wheel the diamond must be removed to some other part of the surface.

The finished stone comes from the wheel covered with gummy oil, but a ten-minute bath in sulphuric acid leaves the surface clean and brilliant. Diamonds pendent from pearly ears or shining on snowy throats never look so beautiful as they look unset and heaped together upon oiled paper at the diamond cutter's.

Few large diamonds are cut in New York. Diamond cutters smile when the "Cleveland gem" is mentioned. Great things were expected of this stone, and it weighed fifty-four carats when polished, but color and cutting were a disappointment. A ten-carat diamond is rarely cut in America. Most of the stones cut here weigh from one to five carats. Neither are very small diamonds cut by the New York lapidaries. Rose diamonds, which are slabs too thin to be polished on all sides, are not cut here, but reshipped in the rough to be polished in Europe. There they are ground flat on one side and into facets on the other. Such diamonds meet with no sale here.

Nothing is wasted at the diamond cutter's. Boort, which is the name given to diamond chippings that cannot be polished, is placed in a steel mortar exactly like an old-fashioned churn and brayed into powder for the polisher. Not a single carat is lost, for the mortar is dust-proof and the pestle fits so close that the particles cannot rise from the bottom.—*New York Sun.*

WISE WORDS.

Faint praise is disparagement.

Call me cousin, but cozen me not.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

Be a friend to yourself, and others will.

A white glove often conceals a dirty hand.

Be not a baker, if your head is made of butter.

Go into the country to hear the news of the town.

The remedy for injuries is not to remember them.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

The wild oats of youth are sure to grow into the briars of manhood.

Luck seeks success, fails and regrets it. Pluck fails, but tries again and gets it.

If some men died and others did not, death indeed would be a most mortifying evil.

Despise not advice, though even the meanest. Gabbling geese once preserved the Roman State.

When a great man stoops and trips, the small men around him appear larger than they really are.

Calumny is often the homage of our contemporaries, as some savage tribes spit on those they honor.

If we had no defects ourselves we would not take so much pleasure in discovering those of others.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.

A weapon is anything that can serve to wound; and sentiments are perhaps the most cruel weapons man can employ to injure and wound his fellow-man.

The Hon. Mr. Cody—and "Buffalo Bill."

Fort Davenport was a twelve-company post, and was garrisoned by ten troops of the Thirty-third Cavalry and two companies of the Seventy-first Infantry. The quarters were well built and spacious. The enterprising trader had fitted up two apartments with billiard and cardtables, which he called respectively the officers' club room and the men's room. It was in the first-mentioned of these apartments that Bill Cody made his now somewhat famous reply to a Captain of the Fifty-fifth. It was soon after the engagement at Thin Knobs, where Cody had availed himself of the opportunity to scalp an Indian. Several officers were conversing in the room together, when one expressed it as his opinion that Cody ought not to scalp. He said: "It is all right enough for the Indians to scalp; they know no better. But Cody ought to be above such things."

The scout who was being criticised was standing in the doorway, and though he could not be seen by the inmates of the room, yet he heard every word that was said. As the speaker concluded, Cody walked into the room. He certainly was a picture. His tall, lithe, muscular figure was set off by a gorgeous suit of black velvet trimmed with gold braid. His long golden hair hung below his shoulders. In a belt at his waist two Colt's revolvers and a hunting-knife reposed. Fringed buckskin leggings, which were of almost one solid mass of beadwork, covered the lower part of his legs. A broad-brimmed hat of light felt a la the Earl of Dunraven was perched jauntily on his well-shaped head. His complexion was,—as it ever has been since I first met him on the plains—as pink and as white and as fleckless as a blooming maiden's of eighteen summers. Well, he strode into the room and said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand one thing; the Hon. William F. Cody does not scalp Indians. But when I am on the plains I am Buffalo Bill, and Buffalo Bill scalps them every time."—*United Service Magazine.*

Tanning by Electricity.

This talk about tanning leather in a few hours by electricity is all rubbish. You might as well try to fatten pigs by electricity. But leather can be tanned in a very short time, although a perfect article cannot be produced in less than five or six months. Some time ago a Buffalo (N. Y.) man asked me how long it would take me to tan a goat skin and make a pair of boots. I told him it could be done in twelve hours. He bet me $100 it couldn't be done. That night I went to a butcher and bought a goat. At six the next morning the goat was skinned, twenty minutes later I had the hair off the hide, colored and in the liquor. By noon it was dried, dressed, and dried again and glazed and ready for the bootmaker, who finished the boots by five o'clock in the evening. It cost the Buffalo man nearly $200 after the wine and extras were paid for. It was leather, but it wouldn't do to risk a reputation on its wearing qualities.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Family of Giants.

Whenever there is offered in the United States a prize open to the whole country for the family that has the greatest length, breadth and thickness, Walker County, through the Coulter boys, will be sure to take it. Of the six boys, going up by steps and commencing at the lowest, Jim is six feet four, Mac six feet six, Will six feet six, Tom six feet seven, Oscar six feet eight and Richard six feet eleven. The parents were six feet four and five feet nine respectively. It is unnecessary to say that the boys in their rearing had the advantage of limestone water. Their weights run from 200 to 262 pounds, making a total of 1367 pounds and an average of 228 pounds.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

DISBUDDING HORNS.

The horns of young calves may be prevented from growing by the easy operation of removing the germ of the horn. The skin is cut and the flap raised to expose the small nub of the horn, which is removed with a small sharp gouge or a knife at its junction with the bone of the skull. There is no union as there is afterward when the horn grows to and from the skull, and the nub may be wholly removed. When this is done the skin is laid back, and the wound smeared with tar, and heals very quickly. The horn is thus destroyed.—*New York Times.*

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.

A remedy for hog cholera given by the Georgia Department of Agriculture is, flowers of sulphur, sulphate of iron (copperas) and madder, two pounds of each, black antimony and nitrate of potassa (saltpetre), half a pound of each and two ounces of arsenic. Mix this in ten gallons of gruel for 100 hogs or give a pint dose to each hog daily. Give it to hogs both sick and well where the latter have been exposed. The sick must be separated from the well animals and both classes removed to new and clean quarters or pastures. Burn the old beds and sprinkle the floor of the sheds with a solution of one pint of pure carbolic acid to ten gallons of soft water. All discharges and impurities should be deeply buried or treated with a solution of one ounce of chloride of zinc to two gallons of water. The persons attending the sick animals should not have anything to do with the well hogs, and all food and water must be clean and pure. If these directions are faithfully followed the disease may be stayed and stamped out. Every farmer should inspect his hogs and all animals daily, and act promptly on the first appearance of disease.

WATERING THE STOCK.

Although some horses, unless very thirsty, only drink a small quantity each time, they should have it all the more punctually. They want that little just as badly as the horse which drinks a greater quantity. Many horses like to take their time to drink. They should be allowed that time, and should never be hurried away from the water. Give them all the time they want.

Some horses are far more particular about the quality of the water they drink than others. They drink only pure, cold water with a relish. Given any other they will not drink heartily nor thrive so well. All horses, and indeed all kinds of stock, do the best when they have pure water, and they should have it often. Even the hog, that is fed largely with liquid food, should have its drink of pure water often.

Cows that drink impure water soon show the effect in the quality of their milk. It is in dry, hot weather, and during long, hot days, that this subject is most important to the farmer. When the stock cease to thrive, the capital invested in them ceases to bear interest.—*Prairie Farmer.*

HINTS ON HANDLING BEES.

Just before swarming bees fill themselves with honey, which supports them in their new home until they get to work again. This is an exceedingly fortunate thing for the beekeeper, as it makes them much more kindly and easily handled than they otherwise would be. With bees, as with men, they are best natured when on a full stomach. In the colder portions of the country protecting the hives is necessary, either by placing them in cellars or packing in chaff; in milder sections and in the South they will pass the winter well on the summer stands. In handling bees fearlessness is a wonderful protection. A person who fights them or tries to drive them away is quite sure to be stung. Still, it must be admitted that there is something about persons that gives to a few immunity from bee sting that other cannot obtain.

The safest way for the average beekeeper is to protect one's self as well as possible by the dress, use a smoker, and proceed as you would about any other work, taking care not to crush or injure a bee. Occasionally a colony will attack a horse that has been driven or led too near their stand. When this occurs they often exhibit a vindictiveness and perseverance that is not only wonderful, but dangerous. Horses that have been heated by driving and become sweaty are more obnoxious to them than the same animals would be when in their normal condition, grazing near the hive. There are so many things to be learned about bees that persons without experience in the business, who design keeping them, should buy one of the many books on the subject or subscribe for a good paper devoted to beekeeping.—*New York World.*

GOOD BUTTER MAKING.

It may be A. D. 1915 before the co-operative creamery, in some of its forms, will have superseded farm butter-making, however desirous we may be of its earlier adoption by dairy people in general. In the interval, an immense amount of butter will continue to be made at the farm homes. That this butter would make a motley collection as in the past, none can dispute, but there is after all a constantly increasing amount of good butter put upon the market. If people could be induced to discard their individuality in making, and adopt some few, definite rules, so that butter-making could have system and sameness about it, there would be a great advance made. Too few realize that their way of making is not the method by which the butter is made which brings the highest price. No one is selling butter now at advance, and paying prices, who still clings to "Grandmother's" way of making. Neither does the market put a premium on butter made from actively sour cream, nor butter with pronounced butter-milk flavor, or made sharp with over-salting. Butter, to bring a high price, must be of cream not over thirty-six hours old, slightly acid. It must be washed free from butter-milk with weak brine, and salted not to exceed three-quarters of an ounce to the pound. Butter also needs to be packed in some of the cheap but tasteful packages now obtainable, and sent to the market immediately. Long-keeping butter is no longer called for. Butter is made to sell, not to keep, and the consumer says, "to eat fresh, not held until devoid of fine flavor, or aroma." The great evil is that so much butter is made by those who have a few cows that they cannot make a specialty of fine butter-making, and so make as best suits them. This butter made from old and often fermenting cream, is at the start destitute of butter flavor. It is not washed free from butter-milk, but "worked over" with ladles, "balled up" and sent to the grocery store, unprotected from the light and air, and then consigned to the "shoe box." When at last, weeks, may be, though it should only have been days at the most, this butter finds its way to the city market to be rejected and neglected, it is finally sold for a few cents a pound, and actually scoffed at by the proscribed oleomargarine.

This making of an originally good material into a low-priced, objectionable article, that does not attract but lowers the price and lesens consumption, should be stopped. It is both unprofitable and unbusinesslike. The market wants good butter, and discards poor. Why, then, insist upon furnishing the latter? If one cannot make a fine article and get a good price for it, either change methods, quit the business, or, what is better, patronize a co-operative creamery. There the material of a whole neighborhood can be massed, rules of production adopted so that substantial uniformity will be secured, and a final product turned out that finds its way—at popular prices—to consumers of good butter. The one is money losing; the latter is money making. Which shall be the choice?—*American Agriculturist.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't forget the pickle barrel.

Don't forget to keep the strawberry bed clean.

Keep the young trees mulched or well cultivated.

Kill the weeds early; do not let them go to seed.

Rub the sprouts off the fruit trees before they become tough.

Burdocks and thistles are best harvested before they bloom.

The grind-stone is a "cheap hand" in the hay field. Use him often.

Good oil, applied often, makes easy work, and saves the machine for next year.

Alsike gives smaller crops than red clover, but the quality of the hay is better.

Japan buckwheat is one of the "novelties" that has come to stay. All reports are favorable.

Treat all raspberry and blackberry sprouts as weeds, unless you wish them for setting out.

You can't mortgage your crop or farm and keep on good terms with your creditors and family.

If you do not need the young beets for greens, thin them out anyway and give them to the cows.

Have a few bolts and nuts, also a wrench, chisel and hammer in the tool box of the mower.

If you planted your garden in long rows, isn't it fun to run the cultivator up and down them?

Vineyardists do not practice pinching off the ends of vines or summer pruning as much as formerly.

Don't kill insect-destroying birds. They will save much more than they destroy for any gardener or fruit grower.

Orchard grass is a good drought resister. California farmers pronounce it superior to timothy, red top and blue grass.

Botanists seem to agree that wheats do not cross readily; indeed, it has been held that they do not cross at all, but are self-fertilizers.

To remove moss from the trunks of fruit trees apply a solution composed of one pound of concentrated lye to three gallons of water.

Professor W. A. Stewart enumerates among the protein or nitrogenous foods for stock: Shorts, bran, oilmeal and cottonseed meal, all rich in protein; while of rough fodders clover hay is the richest.

Shut the young turkeys in at night and do not let them out on wet mornings till the grass has dried off. Give them water in shallow vessels. "Don't let the little turkeys get their backs wet till they are feathered" is a good rule.

The first thing to look to after you have made up your mind to keep bees is pasturage. For, according to a beekeeper, a greater falsehood was never palmed off on a gullible public than that "bees work for nothing and board themselves."

The only trouble reported in the use of arsenical poisons for destroying insects in orchards is in the burning of the foliage by having the mixture too strong or putting it on too heavy; the latter often owing to the fact that the machinery used is not of the best.

To exterminate raspberry bushes in pastures, cut with bush scythe and then stock the pasture with cattle to browse the sprouts. Neat cattle are much better than sheep for exterminating bushes and the coarse-wooled varieties of the latter will do more toward that object than those of finer grade.

The First Naturalized Chinaman.

The first Chinaman on record, as admitted to citizenship in the United States by naturalization, was Wong Ah Lee, a cigarmaker. Wong Chin Lee, the celebrated Americanized Chinaman, and well-known newspaper correspondent, was naturalized in Grand Rapids, Mich., several years ago. Lansing, the capital of Michigan, has a naturalized Chinaman who is a thorough American and a good business man. Applications to the courts now are sometimes refused on the ground that a Mongolian is not fitted for citizenship under the laws excluding the race from immigrating here.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Ecru pongee is used for petticoats.

Most Russian ladies smoke cigarettes.

Large full sleeves are made long enough to cover the wrists.

Mrs. Southworth is about to publish her forty-ninth novel.

Large, soft silk ties, the color of the gown, are being worn.

Princess gowns are made of India silks and thin washing fabrics.

There is a very successful woman drummer in the coffee trade.

Pale pink underclothing is now occasionally trimmed with black lace.

The parasols carried in the United States cost $14,000,000 annually.

Insertions of lace and embroidery are used in nainsook and lawn dresses.

Some of the Paris papers have started a crusade against women who smoke.

Worchester china is used for holding fruit and flowers in table decoration.

Crepe Mousseline de Sole is a new material for afternoon and reception dresses.

There is an attempt to make popular again bright and crude tints for dresses.

Broad brimmed hats of silk mull are extremely becoming to certain styles of beauty.

Fans for mourning are made of black crape without ornamentation of any sort.

There are said to be thirty women butchers in the Jewish quarter of Brooklyn.

Silk gowns in black and white are most fashionable when designed in scrolls.

At a new York wedding the other day the bride received $1,000,000 worth of presents.

Batiste dresses, with parasol to match, will serve as all-day dresses at the watering places.

The professional duster has made her entry into the business world of New York city.

Dotted white muslin, Swiss and veiling gowns are in vogue, along with striped and barred white dresses.

The Cherokees of the Indian Territory have erected a new seminary for girls. The building cost $200,000.

Julian Hawthorne's five daughters bear the names Hildegarde, Gwendolen, Gladys, Beatrice and Imogen.

Queen Victoria is the richest woman in the British Kingdom. She has accumulated a fortune of $20,000,000.

Handkerchiefs are tiny, dainty marvels of color and embroidery this summer, and at the moment they are very cheap.

Entire dresses of red sateens trimmed with ecru laces, are worn at French country houses and on the seashore.

Seaside parasols are large and mostly in bright colors, sometimes softened with covers or falls of ecru and cream lace.

Pale silver gray gowns with panels, surplice waistcoats and revers, cuffs and collars of tan color, are very effective.

Helen Gladstone, a daughter of the statesman, contends that higher education does not unfit women for domestic life.

The woman who contracts to do house cleaning from top to bottom has become a very useful member of society in New York.

Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jennie June) is English by birth. She came to this country with her parents when she was a little girl.

The law passed by the New York Legislature requires proprietors of stores that employ female clerks to furnish them with seats.

Mrs. Mackay, of many millions, is said to be fond of gray walking dresses. But for all that gray is very trying to dark pale skins.

The white wool veiling gowns, with broche borders or stripes in white silk, are almost as effective as white silk ones broche with silver.

When walking out the Empress of Russia always carries a large fan, which seems to screen her face from those who stare rudely at her.

Miss Mary Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, is petite in person, with dark hair worn in masses of ringlets over her brows.

Queen Victoria's favorite musical composers are Mendelssohn and Sullivan, and the latter's "Lost Chord" is the one piece of which she is most fond.

Mrs. John W. Mackay, the wife of the California millionaire, continues to entertain on a most lavish scale. Her dinners are undoubtedly the best in London.

"Zazel," who gained renown by being fired from a cannon and making a great leap in the air, is now Mrs. George A. Starr, and is a teacher of acrobatics.

New Orleans is productive of many successful working women. The latest report is of two sisters who have gone into the dairy business and are doing well.

The White House cook is now a woman, Mrs. Cleveland's chef having been supplanted by Mme. Pelonard, who formerly presided over Lord Sackville's kitchen.

Carrick cape is found to be an extremely useful wrap. It is made of four capes, one over the other, each cape being fully pleated, and is finished with a turn-down collar and tied with ribbons.

It has been suggested by a writer in *Harper's Bazar* that women take up the trade of upholstering. There is much about this handicraft that is compatible with woman's dexterity, skill and strength.

A Titusville (Penn.) paper tells of a novel wedding tour. The young man, who could not leave town, purchased $5 worth of tickets for the merry-go-round, and they proceeded to ride to their hearts' content.

Mme. Rudoff, of New Orleans, whose husband was a well known chemist and carried on a lucrative business in drugs, became his successor after his death and is now the Secretary of the State Pharmaceutical Association.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Query.

What would you do if you had a wee tease,
Askit g you daily such questions as these:
'Mamma, does God simply turn down the light
Just when He guesses it's time to be night?'
'Are flowers made out of a butterfly's wing?'
'Why do the trees put their clothes on in spring
And then when cold winter comes get all undressed?'
'How does the robin get blood on its breast?'
'Will Santa Claus answer that letter of Zeb's?'
'Are bicycles made out of big spider-webs?'
'Does the man in the moon smoke while looking about?
And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs out?
And the stars, are they just the wee sparks he lets drop?'
'Do cat-tails grow up from——' But here I will stop
And ask you again, will you tell, if you please
How you would answer such questions as these
—*Harper's Young People.*

A Brave Little Boy.

Ten-year-old Charley had gained permission to take his baby sister into the pasture for a walk.

"Don't let any harm come to my dear baby girl," said their mother as she kissed them.

The two disappeared around the barn, laughing and talking as only childhood can, until they came to a little slough. They then amused themselves by throwing sticks into the water and watching them glide away. They were so engrossed with the sport as not to notice a dog running down the hill toward them until warned by a strange growl.

When Charley saw the glaring eyes and frothing mouth of the animal he knew it was a mad dog. His mother had told him about them, told him that one who was bitten would die, but he did not run. He determined that the dog should not harm Daisy, if it did kill him.

"Run, Daisy, run!" he screamed as the beast jumped for him.

Daisy ran home as fast as her short legs could carry her. She met John the hired man, at the barn.

"Go twick," she sobbed, "a big dawg's eatin' up Tarley."

John seized an ax and ran to the boy. He found him with one hand tightly grasping the mad dog's throat and with the other holding its mouth. The dog was nearly dead, and John soon finished it. Charley had managed to keep it from even scratching him.

Towed by a Cod.

While staying at a seaport town in Maine, last summer, a young man named Edgar Ward caught a large codfish. Anxious to exhibit the prize to his father, who was expected in town the following week, he hired a fish cage—a water space near the shore inclosed with stakes—and in it placed the fish, in very fair condition. For a few days it seemed rather dumpish and refused to eat; after that it rallied and acted quite like itself. The young fisherman became much interested in feeding and playing with his prisoner and spent several hours daily in the fish-cage.

The cod soon became accustomed to its narrow quarters and the presence of its young master. It took food from his hand, and allowed him to stroke and fondle it gently.

Seeing the creature so tame, Edgar conceived the idea of harnessing it and taking it outside the fish cage. He procured some stout twine, and after several attempts succeeded in harnessing the fish to his satisfaction—a cord in its mouth for bits and some strong lines attached for drawing.

After a few trials within the inclosure, the cod responded readily to a gentle pull on the bit lines; and then it was taken into the open water. This was the beginning of a good deal of fun for the cod's owner and his friends. They drove the cod about in the shallow water, swimming after it, only taking care that their sea-horse did not make for deep water and dive to the bottom.

Many curious spectators came down to the beach to watch the sport, and among the rest a young girl of venturesome spirit, who soon wanted to drive the cod herself. Young Ward was persuaded to let her make the attempt.

She could swim a little, but for better protection she donned a life-preserver. Then, somewhat excited, and full of merry bravado, she entered the water and took the lines.

The cod at once swam off, dragging her lightly after it. She laughed and called out to her companions on shore in wild enthusiasm.

The cod was swimming into deep water, and Edgar shouted, "Turn this way! don't go so far out!"

At this point the young girl evidently became confused. She jerked wildly first on one line and then on the other. The reins somehow got entangled. Her head went under; there was a momentary struggle; she threw up her arms, and the next instant she was dragged completely under water by the strong fish.

A boat was hurriedly manned by Ward and three of his companions. They were soon at the place where she had disappeared, but could see nothing of her. They scanned the water in all directions, and rowed further out.

"There she is!" cried Edgar, and he plunged into the sea. One of the others followed him. Fortunately they were quite at home in the water, and soon freed the young girl from the lines and brought her to the surface. She was unconscious, nearly drowned.

The life-preserver was found to be stuffed with hay, and it was this weight which had first dragged her under water, and so frightened her that she lost her presence of mind.

The cod, still in harness, made its escape.—*Youth's Companion.*

A justice of Logan township, Blair county, Pa., has a perplexing case. A blacksmith built a wagon for another citizen, painting it brown, and refusing to change the color to green. In the night the citizens entered the shop and gave the vehicle a coat of paris green. Early next morning the blacksmith's cow, spying the verdurous tint, licked it off and died. The blacksmith now wants damages for his cow.

In England there are over 800,000 more widows than widowers. In France there are 194 widows for every 100 widowers.